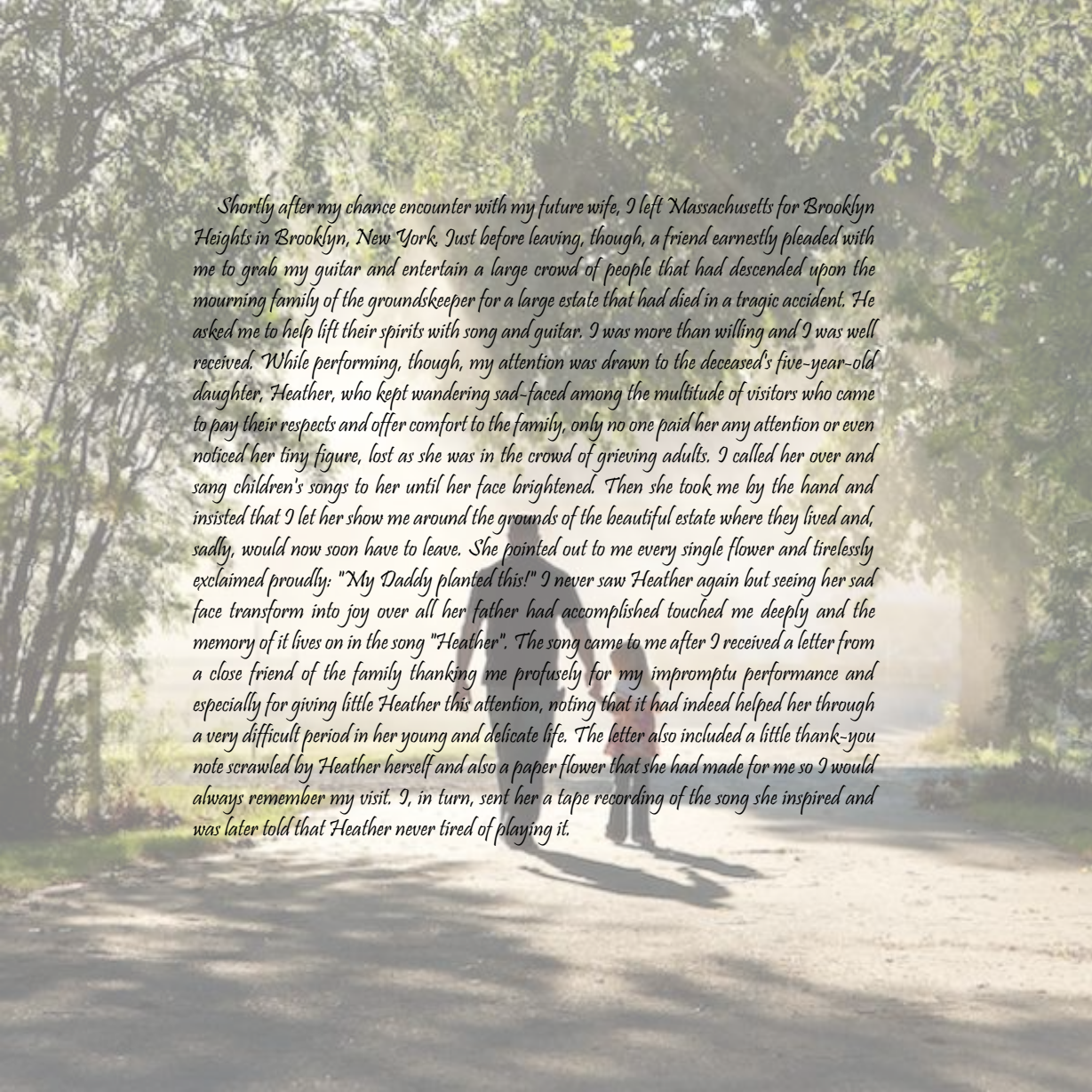
Wayne David Perkins
Rainbow's End

BETWEEN THE LINES

The Story Behind the Music of Wayne Davið Perkins

I have never composed nor performed my music for commercial purposes but share it freely, With regard to content, this selection represents a window on my innermost thoughts and feelings that relate to real people that have touched me deeply and very real – sometimes quite dramatic – events and experiences, my sole objective being to touch and perhaps even inspire others in turn. The title song "To the Rainbow's End", for example, is a very personal reflection on my life, inspired by my own often-tragic life experiences, but it also expresses my optimism that, for all the suffering and hardship we may experience, it's all well worth enduring – "Follow your rainy skies to the rainbow's end."

"A Way to You" is one of my earliest works in this collection. I wrote it shortly following a brief romantic encounter with a young girl from Iceland that happened to be visiting mutual friends in Massachusetts. At the time, I had no real expectation that we would actually ever see each other again but then she wrote me, explaining that she had obtained my address from her friend, and asked if we could stay in touch. I wrote back something to the effect: "Sure, only I don't believe we could ever be just friends." That initiated a flurry of correspondence by mail. Mind you, there was no Internet back then, no e-mail, and international telephone service was prohibitively expensive. Our transatlantic 'pen and paper' romance lasted for 2 years before we met again, became engaged, then wed in Reykjavik. My song became a prophecy fulfilled as I did indeed 'find a way' to her in faraway Iceland, which I actually called home for 22 years.



Shortly after my chance encounter with my future wife, I left Massachusetts for Brooklyn Heights in Brooklyn, New York. Just before leaving, though, a friend earnestly pleaded with me to grab my guitar and entertain a large crowd of people that had descended upon the mourning family of the groundskeeper for a large estate that had died in a tragic accident. He asked me to help lift their spirits with song and guitar. I was more than willing and I was well received. While performing, though, my attention was drawn to the deceased's five-year-old daughter, Heather, who kept wandering sad-faced among the multitude of visitors who came to pay their respects and offer comfort to the family, only no one paid her any attention or even noticed her tiny figure, lost as she was in the crowd of grieving adults. I called her over and sang children's songs to her until her face brightened. Then she took me by the hand and insisted that I let her show me around the grounds of the beautiful estate where they lived and, sadly, would now soon have to leave. She pointed out to me every single flower and tirelessly exclaimed proudly: "My Daddy planted this!" I never saw Heather again but seeing her sad face transform into joy over all her father had accomplished touched me deeply and the memory of it lives on in the song "Heather". The song came to me after I received a letter from a close friend of the family thanking me profusely for my impromptu performance and especially for giving little Heather this attention, noting that it had indeed helped her through a very difficult period in her young and delicate life. The letter also included a little thank-you note scrawled by Heather herself and also a paper flower that she had made for me so I would always remember my visit. I, in turn, sent her a tape recording of the song she inspired and was later told that Heather never tired of playing it.

I wrote "Sleep, My Baby, Sleep" as a lullaby for my firstborn daughter Amanda, who I fondly nicknamed "Mandy", sometime during the several weeks following her birth that both she and her mother lay in separate intensive care units. This was due to a very long and difficult "dry" birth, as the amniotic fluid had somehow been discharged long before the birth. It thus fell upon me to provide our daughter the close and personal attention every newborn thrives on, cuddling and bottle-feeding her tragically disfigured body several times each day. Parenthetically, during one of my regular visits, the entire roof of the intensive care ward where my daughter stayed was totally blown away by hurricane-force winds, forcing everyone in the entire complex to huddle in the hallways, basements, and wherever else we could retreat from all the flying glass, rafters, corrugated metal sheets, and other debris. No one could enter or leave until the storm abated and huge piles of debris were removed from the hospital parking lot and surrounding area. Thanks to months of painful physical therapy, Amanda recovered from her physical disfigurements and grew into the strikingly beautiful and warm-hearted young woman she is today. As the second verse of the lullaby says: "Weep, my baby, weep for me. Make your precious tears and weep. I know o-o-o-o-oh ~ One day you will be grown . . . and leave." Now an accomplished singer, songwriter, and bass guitar player in the New Age/Heavy Metal genre, "Mandy", as she bills herself, all too generously credits me with inspiring her to pursue music as a career. In all fairness, though, I have to point out that both her mother and maternal grandmother who lived right next door to us were also very talented musicians.

"Through Her Eyes" is about the epiphany I experienced watching Tatiana, my younger daughter, grow up during her tender years around age 4-5 and the new perspectives on life

that it brought me: "Through her eyes, My innocence returns to me, Through her eyes, My faith in truth and harmony. Through her eyes, Through her eyes, I see a whole new world unveiled before my eyes, And new horizons I see, Clear to eternity." I just can't explain it any better than that.

While the aforementioned were more or less inspired by heartwarming personal experiences, the songs "Highways" and "Borderline" represent a major shift toward real-life drama. Viewed from two perspectives, they reflect the musings and personal experiences of a young individual I befriended – a simple man of conscience that I believe discovered within himself extraordinary courage during one of the darkest hours of recent history. Shortly following the outbreak of the last Balkan conflict, this young Serbian man, a seasoned veteran of the Bosnian War, was ordered to return to active duty. For him, that represented a serious dilemma. The son of a very prominent political figure in Belgrade, he was raised as an Orthodox Catholic, had studied both the Koran and the Torah under respected Islamic and Jewish teachers, and had a circle of friends representing every imaginable background. What's more, his fiancé, a lovely soft-spoken registered nurse, was of Islamic background. It appalled him that his country was now rapidly disintegrating into many ethnic and religious conflicts, with borderlines being drawn in blood everywhere he turned. The notion that people once dear to him had transformed almost overnight into mortal enemies struck him as totally insane and pained him greatly. In the name of religion, his fiancé was beaten up by her own brothers and left for dead. She survived the attack but endured many painful months in a hospital intensive care unit, sometimes closer to death than life. Ignoring the ridicule of family and friends who he perceived were in denial over the seriousness of these dire developments, this

young man deserted on receiving his orders and fled the country by night, with little more than the clothes on his back. After wandering Europe aimlessly for some two months, he somehow wound up in Reykjavik, Iceland, where he then sought out a local Kingdom Hall of Jehovah's Witnesses. As it happened, he turned up at the Hall during a Bible discourse the theme of which was based on Proverbs 18:10: "The name of Jehovah is a strong tower. Into it the righteous runs and is given protection." Ironically enough, here appears a young man, dressed in military fatigues, looking lost and scared and pleading for help in obtaining some kind of asylum. He was sadly lacking in any familiarity with international protocols, which dictate that asylum must be sought in the first country whose border is crossed. Having failed to do so, he rightly should have been returned to his home country – where, though, he would have certainly been shot as a deserter – but my wife and I volunteered to take him in and see what could be done to help him. The following day, Iceland's Amnesty International representative, who also happened to represent the UN Commission on Human Rights, kindly arranged an impromptu meeting with the country's Chief of Police, who agreed to waive all protocol and bid him welcome to the country under my sponsorship. He later returned to Belgrade for his fiancé, spirited her out of the country, and they were – and still remain – happily married. The opening verse of "Highways" introduces a metaphorical theme: "Life is a highway we travel upon. Some would call it 'religion' but the killing goes on. 'Narrow and cramped' or 'spacious and broad', it's seldom a conscious decision." I tried to capture in verse and music this young man's mental anguish as he found himself being rapidly swept up in a course of events that greatly troubled him. It also chronicles the experiences that led him to make what amounted to a life-and-death decision

to part ways with both friends and family in order to follow the "signposts" of his conscience. The song concludes: "Whether simple or wise, we must all lead our lives by the things we believe in, but we carefully choose between falsehoods and truths on the highway to freedom."

The song "Borderline" addresses the tragedy of that same conflict from a somewhat different perspective. It was inspired by the many personal experiences this young man shared with me of first serving in the Bosnian conflict right alongside fellow soldiers of diverse religious and ethnic backgrounds who he came to regard as trusted friends, only to later see borderlines being arbitrarily drawn between them. The song begins as a low-key conversation between two close and trusted friends as they stand alongside the bank of a great river. Toward the end, the listener should hopefully grasp that these are actually two border guards caught up in a conflict that neither comprehends, fueled by accusations neither of them believes, and that now they must face one another off from opposite sides of a borderline that's been arbitrarily drawn between them. In the chorus, they contemplate the fact that the river whose bank they stand upon shows no regard for the borderline that now separates them but flows right through it. In the final verse, the song is intended to transport the listener into the future and the significance of the river is finally revealed in a soliloquy: "Time has passed. Where are the soldiers? Where are all the borders? Need I even ask? Now it's so clear to me – they've washed out to the sea, to where rivers all run free."

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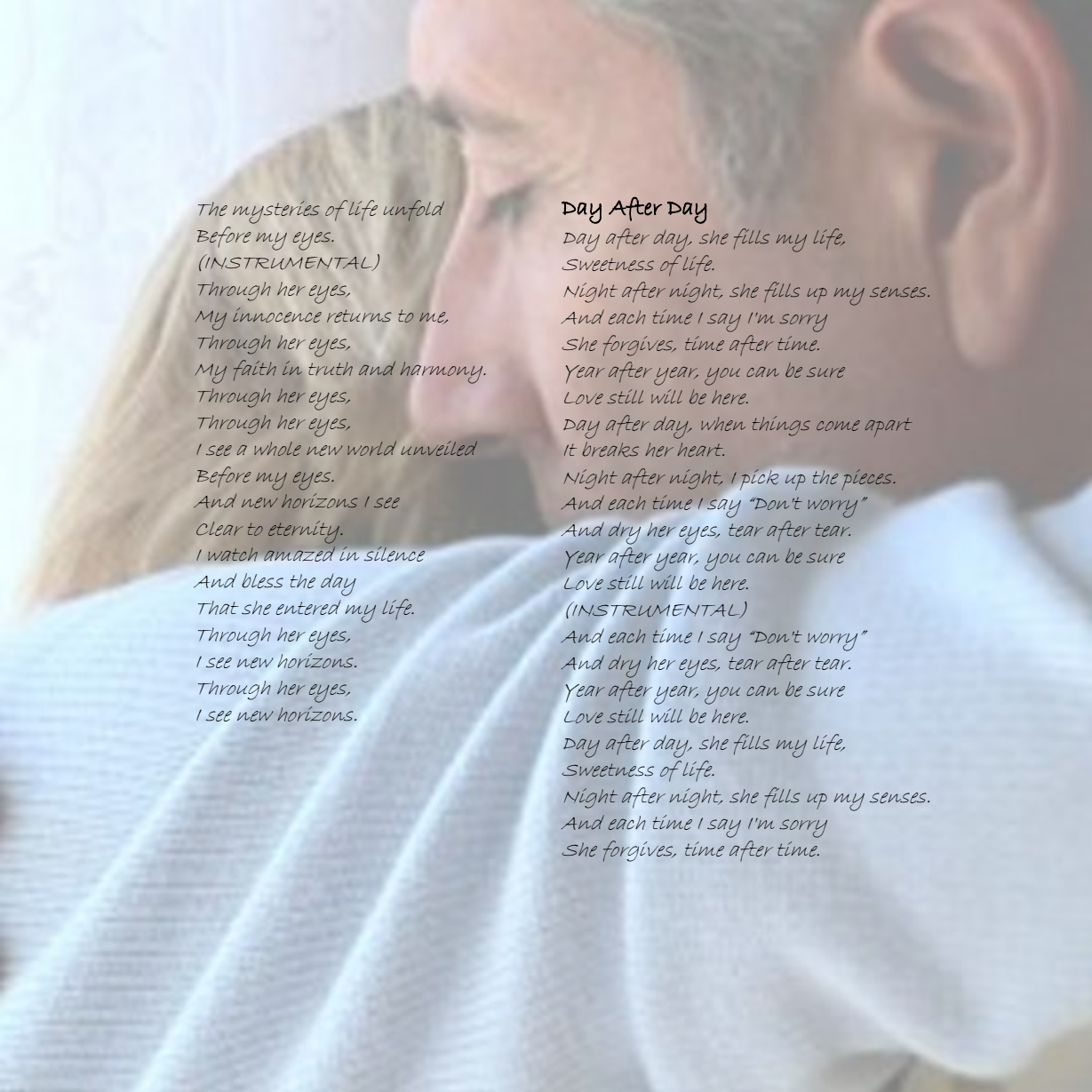
To The Rainbow's End

From time to time,
Some rain must fall.
Still, we survive,
In spite of it all.
We all have problems,
Some quite a few.
Oh but skies will clear
And the sun will come shining
Through the tears,
Through the rain,
And the wild restless wind,
Follow your rainy skies
To the rainbow's end.
Though hope may seem
Dashed to the ground,
Cling to your dream.
A way may be found.
We all have troubles,
Some quite a few.
Oh but skies will clear
And the sun will come shining
Through the tears ...
One day the light inside ourselves
Will come shining
Through the tears,
Through the rain,
And the wild restless wind,
Follow your rainy skies
Through the tears ...
To the rainbow's end.

Through Her Eyes

I watch amazed in silence.
So much has changed
Since she entered my life.
Through her eyes,
I see new horizons.
Aglow with fascination,
A simple smile
Makes her laugh with delight.
Through her eyes,
I see new horizons.
Through her eyes,
The child inside me comes alive.
Through her eyes,
My youthful hopes and dreams revive.
Through her eyes,
Through her eyes,



The mysteries of life unfold
Before my eyes.
(INSTRUMENTAL)
Through her eyes,
My innocence returns to me,
Through her eyes,
My faith in truth and harmony.
Through her eyes,
Through her eyes,
I see a whole new world unveiled
Before my eyes.
And new horizons I see
Clear to eternity.
I watch amazed in silence
And bless the day
That she entered my life.
Through her eyes,
I see new horizons.
Through her eyes,
I see new horizons.

Day After Day

Day after day, she fills my life,
Sweetness of life.
Night after night, she fills up my senses.
And each time I say I'm sorry
She forgives, time after time.
Year after year, you can be sure
Love still will be here.
Day after day, when things come apart
It breaks her heart.
Night after night, I pick up the pieces.
And each time I say "Don't worry"
And dry her eyes, tear after tear.
Year after year, you can be sure
Love still will be here.
(INSTRUMENTAL)
And each time I say "Don't worry"
And dry her eyes, tear after tear.
Year after year, you can be sure
Love still will be here.
Day after day, she fills my life,
Sweetness of life.
Night after night, she fills up my senses.
And each time I say I'm sorry
She forgives, time after time.

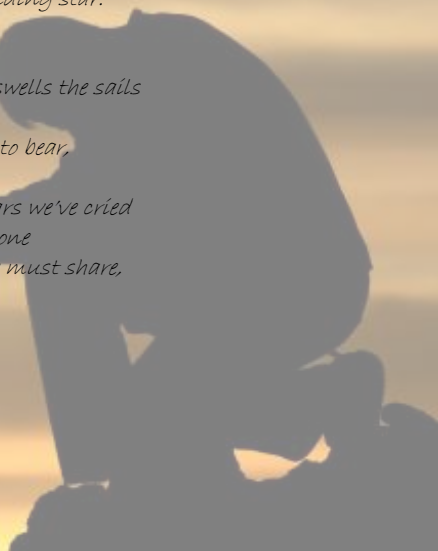
(INSTRUMENTAL)
Year after year, you can be sure
Love still will be here.
Year after year, you can be sure
Love stillzzz will be here.

LoveIsNeverFarAwayFromYou

We grow up and we grow old.
Day by day, this world grows cold.
But through the years,
You know it's true:
Love is never far away from you.
"A time to ban, a time to heal,
Time to break and time to build."
Don't give up - you know it's true:
Love is never far away from you.
Lost your dreams and lost your pride.
Pain and sorrow swell inside.
But through the years,
You know it's true:
Love is never far away from you,
Love is never far away from you.
Cold and lonely, far from home,
Still you're never really all alone,
O-oh no.
(INSTRUMENTAL)
And when you lay your head to sleep,
And you pray your soul to keep,
In your heart, you know it's true:
Love is never far away from you.
Love is never far away from you,
Love is never far away from you,
Love is never far away from you,
Love is never far away from you.
Deep inside, you know it's true:
Love is never far away from you.

Oceans Of Tears

Into the night,
We sail against the storm
With just the light
Of a lone but guiding star.
The tears we cry
Carry us along,
The pain inside swells the sails
Of who we are.
And it's so hard to bear,
Thrice denied,
But oceans of tears we've cried
For all we have done
And the guilt we must share,
For who we are.



No place to hide -
God save us from ourselves.
Oceans of tears we have cried
For who we are.
(INSTRUMENTAL 1)
Sailing into the night,
Through the storm,
On a journey with no return.
Sail by the lone but guiding star
To a new and distant shore.
(INSTRUMENTAL 2)
And it's so hard to bear,
Thrice denied,
But oceans of tears we've cried
For all we have done
And the guilt we must share,
For who we are.
Sailing into the night,
Through the storm,
On a journey with no return.
Sail by the lone but guiding star
To a new and distant shore.
(INSTRUMENTAL 1)

Highways

Life is the highway we travel upon.
Some would call it religion
(But the killing goes on).
Narrow and cramped
Or spacious and broad,
It's seldom a conscious decision.
Whether simple or wise,
We all live out our lives
Needing something to cling to.
And the highway rolls on,
Plunging into the darkness.
And you know something's wrong,
So you look for a sign.
Family and friends
All tell you "Don't worry,
Nothing has changed."
How can they be so blind
To the sign of the times?
Whether simple or wise,
We will pay with our lives
If we don't heed the warnings.
And the highway you're on
Comes into a junction.
And you know you must turn

'Cause you've followed the signs.
Family and friends
All tell you you're crazy.
It tears at your heart
But you've made up your mind
And you leave them behind.
Whether simple or wise,
We must all lead our lives
By the things we believe in.
But we carefully choose
Between falsehoods and truths
On the highway to freedom.
(INSTRUMENTAL)
Whether simple or wise,
We must all lead our lives
By the things we believe in.
But we faithfully choose
Between falsehoods and truths
On the highway to freedom.
But the killing goes on.

Borderline

You ask me how I feel? I'm fine.
Hard feelings? No that's all behind.
You've got to save your peace of mind
Living on this borderline.
All this talk of "right" and "wrong" -
What lies we base excuses on!
Why should "truth" depend upon
Borders we ourselves have drawn?
Day by day it seems this world
Grows more crazy.
Any way you turn you'll find
You've reached the borderline.
Come down to the river side
Where waters flow.
This river's deep and wide,
Too great for you or me to know
To where the waters -
(INSTRUMENTAL)
Where the waters go.
Seems that I've forgot the time!
Well, goodbye faithful friend of mine.
Need me, well, you know that I'm
Right here across the borderline.
Day by day it seems this world
Grows more crazy.
Are we running out of time?
We've reached the borderline.
Come down to the river side

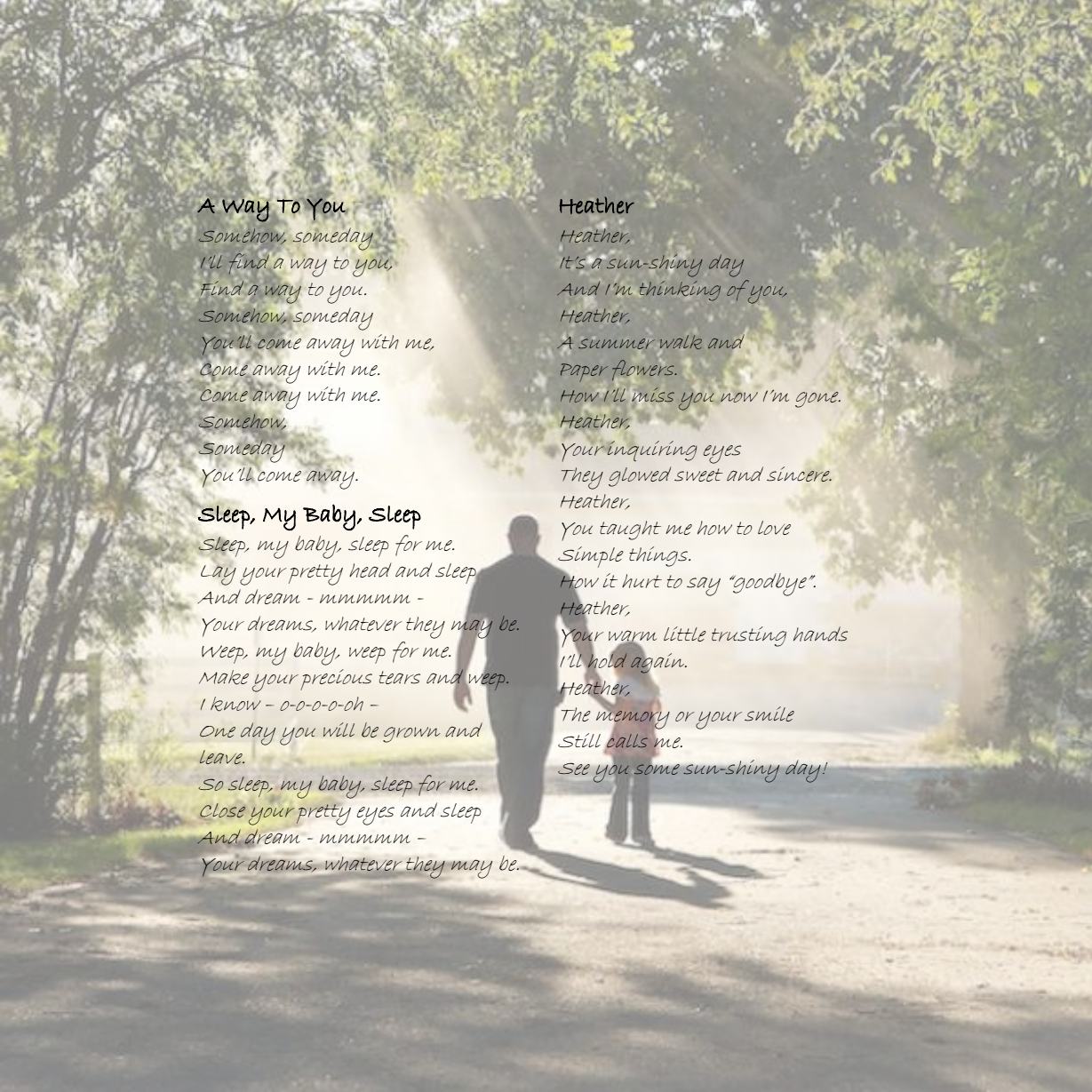
Where waters flow.
This river's deep and wide,
Too great for you or me to know
To where the waters go.
(INSTRUMENTAL)
Where the waters –
Time has passed.
Where are the soldiers?
Where are all the borders?
Need I even ask?
Now it's so clear to me:
They've washed out to the sea,
To where rivers all run free.
Come down to the river side
Where waters flow.
This river's deep and wide,
Too great for you or me to know
To where the waters go.

Shades Of Gray

The day will come,
The day of shades of gray,
When shame will drown
The mockery and the lies.
And all will reap
What they have sown today.
What will they say
When that day arrives?
We asked for truth.
They gave us shades of gray.
Amidst the gloom,
They played with human lives.
All we embrace
They brand a point of view.
What will they do
When that day arrives?
Beware the lies,
Beware the shades of gray.
You can deny
But truth will find a way.
Where will you hide
When night turns into day
And shines on shades of gray?
The day will come ...
Beware the lies ...

Good News

(INSTRUMENTAL)



A Way To You

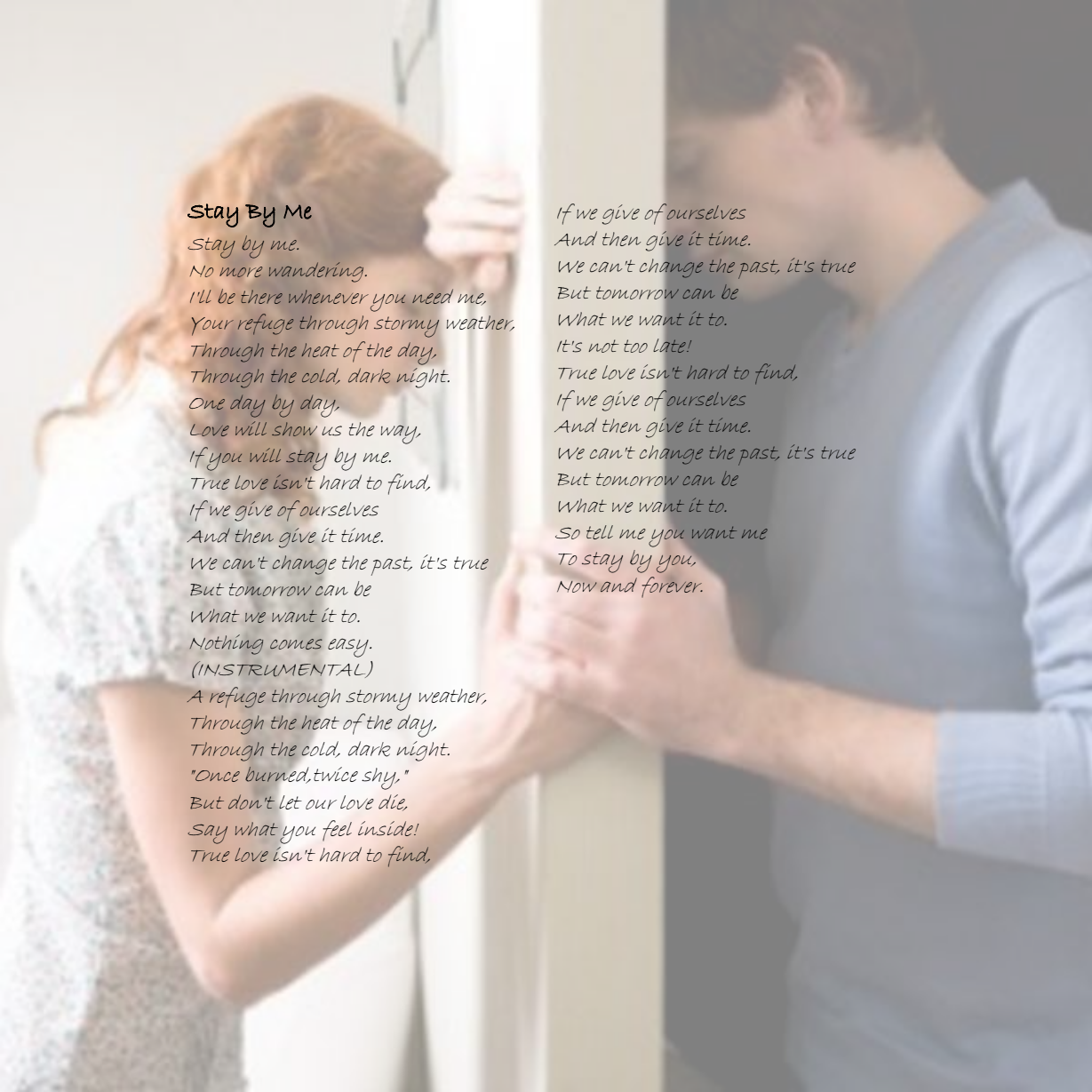
Somehow, someday
I'll find a way to you,
Find a way to you.
Somehow, someday
You'll come away with me,
Come away with me.
Come away with me.
Somehow,
Someday
You'll come away.

Sleep, My Baby, Sleep

Sleep, my baby, sleep for me.
Lay your pretty head and sleep
And dream - mmmmm -
Your dreams, whatever they may be.
Weep, my baby, weep for me.
Make your precious tears and weep.
I know - o-o-o-o-oh -
One day you will be grown and leave.
So sleep, my baby, sleep for me.
Close your pretty eyes and sleep
And dream - mmmmm -
Your dreams, whatever they may be.

Heather

Heather,
It's a sun-shiny day
And I'm thinking of you,
Heather,
A summer walk and
Paper flowers.
How I'll miss you now I'm gone.
Heather,
Your inquiring eyes
They glowed sweet and sincere.
Heather,
You taught me how to love
Simple things.
How it hurt to say "goodbye".
Heather,
Your warm little trusting hands
I'll hold again.
Heather,
The memory or your smile
Still calls me.
See you some sun-shiny day!



Stay By Me

Stay by me.
No more wandering.
I'll be there whenever you need me,
Your refuge through stormy weather,
Through the heat of the day,
Through the cold, dark night.
One day by day,
Love will show us the way,
If you will stay by me.
True love isn't hard to find,
If we give of ourselves
And then give it time.
We can't change the past, it's true
But tomorrow can be
What we want it to.
Nothing comes easy.
(INSTRUMENTAL)
A refuge through stormy weather,
Through the heat of the day,
Through the cold, dark night.
"Once burned,twice shy."
But don't let our love die,
Say what you feel inside!
True love isn't hard to find,
If we give of ourselves
And then give it time.
We can't change the past, it's true
But tomorrow can be
What we want it to.
It's not too late!
True love isn't hard to find,
If we give of ourselves
And then give it time.
We can't change the past, it's true
But tomorrow can be
What we want it to.
So tell me you want me
To stay by you,
Now and forever.

These performances, my original material save for the last two covers, were all recorded solo, live and "unplugged" at my private studio in Reykjavik, Iceland around the year 1996. Enjoy!

—Wayne David Perkins

1. To the Rainbow's End
2. Through Her Eyes
3. Day After Day
4. Love Is Never Far Away From You
5. Oceans of Tears
6. Highways
7. Borderline
8. Shades of Gray
9. Good News
10. A Way to You
11. Sleep, My Baby, Sleep
12. Heather
13. Stay by Me
14. Nights in White Satin (cover Moody Blues)
15. Where the Streets Have No Name (cover U2)

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